

In 1933, Macy's Famous Taster, suddenly hailed by a Frenchman, drew up alongside the Dijon-Beaune highway in Burgundy. The hailer was an ancient friend, unmet for 15 years. "My old!" he cried. "You're no chicken yourself," replied the Taster, and ducked a kiss.

The result of this chance meeting was the building up of one of New York's most notable family of Burgundies, called Marceau. At Maey's only.

The ancient friend guided the Taster in turn to six successive and famous vineyards and vintners men whose forebears had been making rare Burgundy since Charlemagne's time in A. D. 775—which is plenty long enough to learn an art.

The rarest—choicest, perhaps—of all our Marceau Burgundies today—a result of this happy meeting—is our (1949) WHITE Clos Vougeot: brilliant, soft, wonderful bouquet. It grows in a small sector of the historic 126-acre Vougeot enclosure (Clos Vougeot), a vineyard planted mostly to the equally celebrated red Clos Vougeot (like our 1947). The vines of both colors are married to the magical soil so rare and perfect a marriage that the Chevaliers du Tastevin, the great international society of professional tasters, hold their annual midsummer feast here at the

The Clos Vougeot white, our Taster avers, is not to be found anywhere else in America. He says it is an experience out of this world. He says it will perform for chicken and light meats and fish miracles. like those that the historic red Burgundies of the Marceau family will perform for the red meats and for game. He is a man with not only a rare sense of taste, but also the highest regard for the truth.

He says if you don't try Clos Vougeot White, 49, and stock up from the other pedigrees below, you

